

## THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Wonderful Personal Charm of the Old Time Patriot.

In December, 1800, a few days after congress had for the first time met in our new metropolis, I was one morning sitting alone in the parlor when the servant opened the door and showed in a gentleman who wished to see Mr. Jefferson. The usual frankness and care with which I met strangers were somewhat checked by the dignified and reserved air of the present visitor, but the chilled feeling was only momentary, for, after taking the chair I offered him in a free and easy manner and carelessly throwing his arm on the table near which he sat, he turned toward me a countenance beaming with an expression of benevolence and with a manner and voice almost femininely soft and gentle entered into conversation on the commonplace topics of the day, from which, before I was conscious of it, he had drawn me into observations of a more personal and interesting nature. I know not how it was, but there was something in his manner, his countenance and voice that at once unlocked my heart, and in answer to his casual inquiries concerning our situation in our new home, as he called it, I found myself frankly telling him my own feelings and those of our present circumstances and abode. I knew not who he was, but the interest with which he listened to my artless details induced the idea he was some intimate acquaintance or friend of Mr. Smith's and put me at once at my ease. In truth, so kind and conciliating were his looks and manners that I forgot he was not a friend of my own until on the opening of the door Mr. Smith entered and introduced the stranger to me as Mr. Jefferson.

I felt my cheeks burn and my heart throb, and not a word more could I speak while he remained. Nay, such was my embarrassment I could scarcely listen to the conversation carried on between him and my husband. For several years he had been to me an object of peculiar interest—in fact, my destiny—for on his success in the pending presidential election, or rather the success of the Democratic party (their interests were identical), my condition in life, my union with the man I loved, depended.—"Washington in Jefferson's Time," by Margaret Bayard Smith, in Scribner's Magazine.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It's as difficult to find a friend as it is to lose an enemy.

A luxury becomes a necessity after you get used to it.

Unless you have money to burn don't try to keep the pot boiling in a poker game.

It's difficult to convince a man that his money isn't on a sure thing until after the race.

Don't worry over trifles. If you must worry, pick out something worth while, then get busy.

When you have them they are optional; when other people have them they are delusions.

It's an easy matter to size up a man if his dog crawls under the house every time he sees him approaching.

When a man tells you how you ought to run your business, just take a look at the way he is running his own.—Chicago News.

## Balzac's Buttons.

Balzac wore a blue dress coat with metal buttons. A play of his, "Les Ressources de Quinola," was a rehearsal at the Odéon theater in Paris, and Balzac, ever hopeful, expected immense success. In order to appear in gala costume on the opening night he ordered a blue dress coat lined with satin, the buttons of which were of solid eighteen carat gold. "Quinola" was a ghastly failure, and for some time after it left the blu Balzac was exceedingly hard up. Whenever money failed him—and ready money failed him often—he used to cut one of his buttons off and sell it to a jeweler, and to the day of his death the coat with the gold buttons and its successors were called by Balzac and his friends "Les Ressources de Quinola."

## A Flavor of Antiquity.

In the little town of Munsiedel, in Bavaria, there exists one of the most curious charitable foundations in the world. One of the burghers, Christopher Wanner, died in 1461 and left his fortune for the establishment of a home for aged poor. He attached, however, the condition that every old man who was taken in should wear his beard and the same cut of clothes and cap as he himself used to wear. Consequently, after the lapse of hundreds of years, the ancient pensioners are still to be seen wandering about the streets of Munsiedel in the costumes of the fifteenth century.

## His Only Occupation.

"Yes'm, but if I do you'll laundry work, ma'am. I must have de undahstandin' dat my husband collects de pay."

"But why can't you collect it yourself, Manda?"

"Well, you see, ma'am, I don't want to rob de ol' man of de only job he's evah likely to get."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The Truth of It.

Busters—I dare say I do look mad. I understand Jigley says I'm the worst liar he ever saw. Wiseman—Oh, that's a gross libel! Busters—Of course it is. Wiseman—Well, I should say. Why, everybody admits you're a pretty good liar.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Literary Clubs.

Literary clubs are a very harmless form of hero worship. They make just the same excuse for literary people to meet together as what or bridge to a less bookish class.—Sphere.

## OLD DUTCH FARMS.

Some of the Oddities of Life in the Netherlands.

Of the manner of life in Zealand, Netherlands, an observer writes: "The Dutch farmhouse is usually built after a uniform model. The living room usually occupies the whole of the ground floor and is a sitting room, bedroom and kitchen rolled into one. The bedsteads are screened by green curtains or hidden away like cupboards, but what is called the show bedstead—prunk-bedden—always occupies a prominent place in the room. But, then, it is never used; it is kept exclusively for the purpose of proving the high respectability of the family by the fineness of its linen sheets and the richness of the counterpane. Kept nominally in honor of the guests, the most honored guest would not be allowed to use it. In larger or more modern farmhouses a separate room is set apart as a show place, or prunk-kamer, but there is, as a rule, no bedstead, and the room is furnished as a parlor. This room, like the bedstead, is never used by the household for general purposes, but on the occasion of the death of a member of the family it serves as the bier chamber. In some farmhouses a wing has been added to the original building, and in such cases it is divided into two or three small bedrooms."

"As a rule, the stable or shed for the cows forms part of the house and is separated from the living room only by a wooden wall or partition. The door of communication is generally fitted with glass windows, so as to keep the animals under supervision. There is also a class of open farmhouses where there is no partition at all and the animals literally live with the family. Nowhere is the old fashioned theory more firmly held than in Holland that the odor of cows is beneficial to consumptives. Indeed, sometimes those who are tuberculous will go to sleep with the cows in their manger. Over the cow sheds are the hay lofts, and sometimes these serve as sleeping places as well."

"In many of the older farms there is an open fireplace without a chimney, and the smoke finds its way out as best it can, helping in its passage to cure the ham, sausages and black puddings which depend from the beams of the ceiling. The furniture is strictly limited to chairs, tables, the linen press, which is the ornament of the chamber, and perhaps a spinning wheel or a mangle. The ornaments are probably no more than some delft ware hung round the room, generally in racks, and a Dutch clock. The library consists of the family Bible."

"Food of the Boer class is as simple as the best of their life. The staple dish is buckwheat porridge, and pig meat, especially in the form of hams and sausages, represents the chief article of the principal daily meal, with little or no variety. Coffee is the universal beverage, and the only intoxicant taken is one of the numerous forms of gin distilled in all parts of the country. Treacle is also largely used, while sugar is regarded as a luxury. The bread used is black or rye, but there is also a brown loaf made with treacle and mixed with raisins."—Chicago News.

## Old Roman Banquets.

When, at its zenith the Roman empire laid all the barbaric countries of the world under contribution to supply the tables of its nobles and wealthy citizens with the fine luxuries of life, Asia and Africa poured in the rich spices and fruits of the tropics, Germany and the great north countries raised the grains and wild berries, Italy and the fertile land of the Franks cultivated the vineyards to make or express the wines, every strip of seacoast from the Mediterranean to the Baltic contributed its quota of fish and the forests of Brittany yielded the wild game of the woods—birds, beasts and fowls—for the banquets of the proud, dissolute rulers of the vast empire.

With the choice products of a great world so easily obtained there were wanton waste, foolish extravagance and a strange disregard of the value of expensive luxuries, and the historian dwelling upon these times delights in recapitulating the various articles of diet arranged in tempting manner upon the groaning tables at the great feasts and banquets. But, excepting Nero's dish of peacock tongues and Cleopatra's cup of wine with the dissolved pearls in it, the menu of our modern banquets would compare favorably with those spread in the times when gluttony and greed for luxury were insidiously sapping the strength of Rome.

## Origin of April Fool.

Very curious things may be discovered by people who love to mouse among old books. Here is a very free translation from a Parsee record not accessible to many: "It happened in a remote year, when the inhabitants of a land were engaged in sun worship early on the 1st day of April, that a shining man stepped forth from the earth, proclaiming the purifying uses of fire. He called and counseled all who had damaged household stuff, such as broken kneading troughs, tattered curtains, coffee-pots with holes in them, lame furniture, worthless books and all such things that might be considered the dry refuse of life, to make a pyre on the plain outside of the city and to celebrate this burning the first day of every April, after which the ashes might be used to fertilize the ground. So the householders began to carry forth. But their wives did seize on each miserable article, saying: 'Do not so. Behold, let us hide it in the attic seven years more. It may come handy.' Then the angel or messenger was wrath with humanity that would not purify itself by fire, and he said: 'From this day you shall call one another and be called April fools.'"

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